

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Stories of Washington Life.

"How clear the horizon is!" she mused; "I fancy I know why; it is because so recently I swept it with my eye."

It is not so very many weeks since I went to a luncheon given in honor of a young actress who was playing in the company of a very well-known and exquisitely charming woman star at one of the theaters here. I was immensely surprised at the guest of honor's figure. On the stage she was certainly more plump, and off she was quite as certain of the lath family. She saw surprise in all our faces, and she told tales out of school.

"Miss Blank," said she, "has been growing stout for several years. Every summer she goes abroad to some of the reducing springs, but in spite of exercise and diet, she gets positively fat before the winter is over. She makes every woman in her company plump. We have to let out our waists and stuff our clothes till, if we can't look larger than she does, at least we're not enough thinner to make her seem stouter by contrast. She is very lovely about it, but firm. The public, she says, pays to see her, not us, and she must look her best. I'm so padded every night now that I feel like a feathered, but she asked me last night to add an inch to my waist. If she takes on much more flesh, I don't know how we'll manage. We're carrying so much cotton around with us now that if the fire department knew it, they'd certainly take after us."

That same woman star has hit upon a scheme for giving herself the center of the stage in her newest play, that I wonder none of the critics has objected to. She is, as I said before, the most delightful of actresses, and off the stage the most charming of women; but she has allowed vanity to spoil the strongest scene in her play. It is a love scene, and her leading man—well, he's really a co-star—plays it extremely well; but never once is the audience allowed to see his face. The actress plays up stage, so that in order to face her he must show his back to the audience. It's beautifully done, but when I saw it, nothing in the world but fear of being put out of the theater kept me from standing up and screaming. "For goodness sake, turn and let us see your face."

It is daily more evident to me that people are not so familiar with the Bible as they ought to be, and as they used to be. I overheard a very well-known journalist talking to a woman who writes a little, at a tea room the other day:

"How is your story coming on?" he asked.

"Very well," said she; "and your work?"

"I said," he said, "I am busy as usual making bricks out of straw."

It certainly had a near-Scripture sound, but what he meant by it, it's not given me to know.

There are some women in this world who won't stop at anything. I have a recently married friend over at Capitol Hill who decided, when the fur-wearing season arrived, that her mink neckpiece wasn't becoming to her. Brown, she said, made her look sallow; so she determined to turn that mink into lustrous black lynx. She bought a package of dye and set to work. Somewhere on some damp ground, now there is a piece of stiff and unpleasant looking skin. It has a few hairs on it of a rusty darkish hue, but mostly the boiling dye took them off. She told me about it, but she didn't tell her husband. I have no doubt that he really believes the black collarlette she is wearing is that made-over piece of mink. He may find out differently when the bill comes in, but then, a man ought not to marry if he isn't prepared to stand finding out things.

"I shall never forget my first conversation with the president of my college," says a real estate man. "Prexy was as good as the monument, and lots of fellows went through that college without more than a bowing acquaintance with him. We all knew Mrs. Prexy a little better, for she used to send every freshman a bunch of temperance tracts, and we had to write notes of thanks, and go to tea to show her we appreciated the attention, and that her views were ours. Temperance was her hobby, and to this day thou-

sands of people, and she's one of them, think that Prexy is just as devoted to the cause as she. I had been in college about a month when I was invited into one of the fraternities. The last thing the boys did to me was to blindfold me and take me out for a walk. I had to stop and say something to everybody we met, and as I wanted to make a record for myself, I took pains to speak distinctly and to say something a little more notable than plain 'howdy do.' I couldn't see a thing, and I'd been talking in the dark for about an hour, when I heard a rather heavy step approaching. The boys drew off and I walked in.

"Hello, old man," I said; "what makes you walk so carefully? Carrying something?"

"One of the boys grabbed me by the arm, when I said, 'I'm on to you. O'naughty, naughty! What did you do with that bottle of Scotch I saw you carrying home week before last?"

"Sir!" I heard a man's voice thunder, and I thought I heard a woman's voice pipe, and the boys dragged me off. "You idiot," they said to me. "Why didn't you shut up when we pinched you? You've shot off your foot talk to Prexy and Mrs. Prex was with him."

"Well, I didn't," I said to anybody else that night. I was busy figuring out how I'd explain things to my father when I was sent home. I felt pretty blue, because nobody else in the history of that college has ever sassed Prexy, and things were bound to happen. Next day I was speaking across the campus and I met Prexy. He stopped.

"Young man," said he, "I want a word with you."

"Yes, sir," I said, humbly.

"For your own sake," he went on, "we will treat what I have to say to you as a confidential matter."

"Yes, sir," I said again, glad that I wasn't going to be publicly disgraced.

"Young man," he proceeded, "you have made a grave mistake. It was not Scotch. It was rye."

"The average layman hasn't the slightest idea of what evidence is," says a young lawyer. "And you never can depend on him. I had a personal injury suit against a street railway company not long ago. An old lady was killed while trying to cross the street in front of a car. The only witness to the affair was a bootblack, an Italian. He told his story through an interpreter, and when I asked him before the trial I felt sure we had a strong case. He said the old lady didn't start to cross the track till the motorman waved his right hand. He illustrated the gesture. It was from right to left. We went to trial, confident of our ability to prove that the motorman actually beckoned the old lady into danger. I called up the bootblack, and he told his story. When he came to the gesture—why, he waved his hand from left to right. I never had occurred to him. I suppose, that it made any difference which way the hand went, but it did. The witness meant was that the old lady was told to cross, but the gesture he gave didn't say so. It said enough to the contrary to make the judge dismiss the suit."

Women Carrying Match Boxes.

From the New York Press.

"I have suspected it for some time," said the man of experience, "but I didn't want to say anything about it till I was sure. Now that I know it is true, I am at liberty to speak out. Women are carrying match boxes. They carry the matches as well. During the past few months I have seen scores of women take the little fancy trinkets out of their shopping bags or purses while searching for loose change. I wondered and suffered for a long time in silence, but finally the suspense was too much for me, and I asked a woman friend who I had discovered, was also addicted to the matchbox habit, what use her sex had for the superfluous little implements. She answered Yankee fashion.

"Why do men carry them?" said she.

"To light their cigars," said I, "and for various other purposes."

"It's just that way with women," said she. "To light their cigarettes and for various other purposes."

"Which applies in your case?" said I. "Cigarettes or miscellany?"

"Both," said she; and she a mighty fine woman, too."

PLANS OF THE RENROE CLUB.

Many Special Entertainments Are Being Arranged.

Preparations are being made by the Renroe Club to have a ladies' evening at the clubhouse, 517 East Capitol street. Arrangements for the next monthly dance, to be held at the Arlington Hotel December 28, and for all those for the remainder of the season, were discussed at a meeting of the entertainment committee in the clubrooms last night. An effort is being made to elaborate on the monthly dances and to give many other entertainments at the clubhouse during the coming season.

The first annual banquet of the club was given at the Arlington Saturday, the 24th, only members being present. The affair was an informal one, and the impromptu speeches were made by the officers and those members called upon. Frank Foley, president, was toastmaster, and the wags enlivened the evening with the proverbial ready wit and good stories galore.

The Renroe is numbered among the youngest of Washington's clubs, having been organized in September, 1905. Its object is purely social, and its membership is made up of young business and professional men and government employees.

Want Exhibit at Jamestown.

There was a large and enthusiastic gathering of federation women Friday evening at the house of the newly elected president, Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Main. Plans for the winter's campaign were discussed, lists of committee appointments, and a special committee appointed to see what arrangements could be made for a club exhibit at Jamestown. The president will be glad to see any member of the affiliated clubs on Friday evenings, who have any suggestion to make or any question to ask about the work to be accomplished.

Arrangements for Fair in Masonic Temple.

Detailed arrangements for the sixteenth annual luncheon and sale of fancy articles to be held Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of this week in Masonic Temple, Ninth and F streets northwest, by the Pierce Guild, auxiliary to the Washington Hospital for Foundlings, were completed Friday afternoon at a meeting of the committee at the home of Mrs. Alexander Britton. It is expected the daily average attendance record of 80, made last year, will be broken.

Anthropological Society to Meet.

The Anthropological Society, of Washington, will hold its 34th regular meeting Tuesday evening in the assembly hall of the Cosmos Club, 1529 H street northwest. Francis E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will deliver an address "The Indian from the Administrative Point of View," and there will be a discussion by Messrs. Holmes, Mooney, Hrdlicka, and others. The board meeting will be held at 7:30 o'clock, just before the open meeting.

Get News in by Friday.

All clubs, societies, and associations desiring the publication in the Sunday Washington Herald of notices of their meetings and other events, should mail them so as to reach the office not later than Friday afternoon. Reports of all meetings should be sent, or brought in early the same evening for publication in the edition of the following morning. All items for the clubs and societies should be addressed to the club editor.

Mothers' Club to Meet Wednesday.

The fourth meeting of the season of the Mothers' Club of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the W. C. T. U. building, 322 Sixth street northwest, Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Rebecca Stonerod, M. D., will address the meeting on the subject "The Physical Education of the Child." It will be under the auspices of Mount Pleasant Union, with Mrs. C. H. Hall as hostess.

Foster to Talk of China.

"The New China," by John W. Foster, formerly Secretary of State and chairman of the Chinese delegation to The Hague, will be the feature of the popular course meeting of the National Geographic Society, to be held in National Rifle Armory, 929 G street northwest, Friday evening. This is the fourth of the popular course series of lectures on the general topic "Pan-America."

Women Will Serve Luncheon.

Luncheon will be served at National Rifle Armory commencing Monday and continuing through the week by the women managers of the Masonic and Eastern Home. The money raised will be used for the maintenance of the new home at Stotts Station, dedicated several weeks ago. All the ladies of the home are assisting.

EVENTS IN CLUBDOM

Chaplain Brown, of Rough Rider Fame, Talks to Men.

FIRST MEETING OF THE YEAR

St. Thomas Episcopal Organization Includes Prominent People—West End Auxiliary Temperance Women Meet—B. P. O. E. to Hold Memorial Services—Fair at Masonic Temple.

Club and Society Meetings for Week.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul—Meeting of all conferences with the exception of Holy Trinity, Immaculate Conception, and Special Works. Catholic Total Abstinence Union—Special meeting in Good Samaritan Hall.

Washington Lodge, No. 15, B. P. O. E.—Regular memorial services at the National Theater.

Young Men's Christian Association—Fred B. Smith made meeting in the Balch Theater.

Women's Alliance of All Souls' Church, assisted by Twentieth Century Club—The "Peach Sisters" by a number of society girls in the Lodge home, Sixteenth and H streets northwest.

Lady Managers of the Masonic and Eastern Star Home—Lance at National Rifle Armory, 929 G street northwest, every day this week.

National New Thought Center—Reception to present Mr. and Mrs. William E. Turner, in Washington Loan and Trust Building, Ninth and F streets.

TUESDAY.

Women's Alliance of All Souls' Church, assisted by Twentieth Century Club—Christmas sale in the Davidson house, Sixteenth and H streets northwest Tuesday and Wednesday.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul—Meeting of all conferences with the exception of Holy Trinity and Immaculate Conception and Holy Trinity conferences.

Executive Literary Club—Weekly meeting.

Episcopal Society—30th regular meeting in the assembly room of the Cosmos Club, 1529 H street northwest, at 2 o'clock.

Women's Home Mission Society of St. Paul M. E. Church, South—Turkey dinner from 5 to 7 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY.

Mount Pleasant Union, Mothers' Club of the W. C. T. U.—Meeting in W. C. T. U. Building, 322 Sixth street northwest, at 2 o'clock.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul—Meeting of all conferences with the exception of Holy Trinity and Immaculate Conception and Holy Trinity conferences.

Episcopal Society—30th regular meeting in the assembly room of the Cosmos Club, 1529 H street northwest, at 2 o'clock.

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introductory address accepting the office to which she had been elected during her absence from the city, and called on Mrs. A. S. Taylor, vice president.

Mrs. Carrie Fernandez, Sunday school superintendent, reported the exercise in Union M. E. Sunday school on temperance Sunday. A class of nineteen young men gave descriptions of the status of prohibition in the various States. Among the facts brought out was that 30,000,000 people are living under prohibitory laws through local, county, State, or national legislation, and nearly one-half of the United States territory is covered by such laws. That temperance sentiment is rapidly growing, especially in the South, there being more saloons in the State of New York alone than in the whole territory South of the Mason and Dixon line.

Mrs. J. W. Cole announced a meeting by this union for December 19 in the regular series of the Mothers' Club, and that Rev. Zed L. Copp, the prohibition officer of the District, will give the address on the work of the Juvenile Court under Judge DeLoach. Mrs. Cole will be hostess, and her assistants Mrs. Ranney, Mrs. F. W. Cole, Mrs. C. E. DeLoach, and Mrs. Fannie Hilton. Mr. Clinton Smith, District president, announced that the January quarterly convention would be held in the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church by invitation of the auxiliary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Mount Pleasant, lately organized by the District organizer, Mrs. Don P. Blaine.

Elks' Memorial Services To-night.

Washington Lodge, No. 15, B. P. O. E., will hold its evening memorial service this evening at the New National Theater at 8 o'clock. A number of well-known orators will deliver addresses, and music will be furnished by the Elks' Quartet and the Marine Band.

Women Work for Equal Suffrage.

Each Senator and Representative in Congress will be approached at the coming session on the subject of equal suffrage. At a meeting of the Elizabeth Cady Stanton Political Study Club at 1311 G street northwest, the law office of Miss Gillet, its president, a plan was devised for getting information on the opinion of the Congressmen on this subject. Miss Norcross, a new member, was chosen as chairman of the committee to wait upon the members of both House and Senate and ask their individual opinion on the proposed sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, granting equal suffrage to all citizens, both men and women.

It was decided that instead of having monthly meetings, the president should have power to call business meetings at her own discretion as to the time and place, and that other meetings for study and sociability be held from time to time during the year.

Evermay Club Resumes Meetings.

The Evermay Club, of Georgetown, has resumed its meetings for the season of 1906-'07, the subject for this winter's study being "Modern and Contemporary Art." The club takes its name from "Evermay," the famous old house on Twenty-eighth street, now the home of William B. Orme. The officers for the year are: Mrs. Doreen L. Wilson, president; Mrs. William B. Orme, vice president; Mrs. Acheson F. Hassan, secretary, and Mrs. William D. Brace, treasurer. The membership is limited to twenty-five, and there is a long waiting list.

Hear Mrs. Hughes' Report.

Thirty members of N. W. Union, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, assembled Friday afternoon at the home of their president, Mrs. Hull, to listen to a report of Mrs. Hughes, who was delegate to the world's and national conventions in Boston and Hartford. Four new members, Mrs. Tracy, Mrs. Bartholomew, Mrs. Simpson, and tiny Margery Pickens, for the cradle roll, were presented.

Will Award Gold Medal.

At the coming convention of the American Institute of Architects to be held in this city January 7, 8, and 9, the custom of presenting a gold medal for distinguished merit in architecture will be inaugurated. The first medal will be presented to Sir Aston Webb, architect of the Victoria Memorial, London, who received the gold medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects and knighted during the past year.

The convention will commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the institute, and it is proposed to make it a memorable occasion. A formal banquet will be given, at which will gather those distinguished in the fine arts, prominent government officials, representatives of educational institutions, and men of literary fame. As ceremonial and social events will take up nearly the entire time of the convention, no formal papers will be read, and nothing but routine business transacted.

WOMAN IN POLITICS.

Her View of Big Affairs.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"It's the man's game, that's what it is!" exclaimed a vivacious young spinster at a recent State convention. "He gets as excited over it as if it were his college football. And no wonder, for it is a hundred times more difficult, because it's a hundred times more subtle. I don't want to play the game myself—no woman can. I want to see the man play, and I want to look on, just as I used to peep through the fence at the practice games of football when girls weren't supposed to be a part of the audience."

"You were the only girl in a family of boys, weren't you?" asked her companion.

"Yes, that's why I was spurred on to learn the details of the game. What was the use, I asked myself, of being left out of the only conversation that really interested the boys, just as if I were a brainless doll? I knew girls who thought that they made a hit if they put on a sweetly feminine pose and showed their ignorance of football by asking if so and so had made any splendid slides to bases lately. But I also knew what fools the boys privately called those girls, so I studied up the game until I could enjoy all the fine points of good plays as much as the boys did."

"Have you studied up on politics for the same reason?" asked the friend.

"Yes, partly because I have more than my share of Mother Eve's curiosity and can't bear to have the people around me talking of things I don't understand, and partly because it's such an important and interesting subject in itself. Even the kindergarten stages of the game, the caucuses and primaries, are interesting if one only makes one's self intelligent about them. There is a man should achieve the greatness of a nomination, or have it thrust upon him, even though it is only for a minor office, always stimulates my curiosity. Why was he nominated? Because he is the tool of the boss of the district? Or is he his own master? Is he so intelligent and so public-spirited that his nomination was demanded by his fellow-citizens, or is he really out for the goods, as the slang phrase goes. When you try to find answers to these questions you are sure to run across a lot of dramatic situations and human interest."

"I don't believe me try taking an interest in the next primaries in your own district."

"Oh, I don't doubt that the dramatic possibilities are there," the other woman answered, "but I can't keep track of the game. I make me think of the old-fashioned kaleidoscope, where there is a constant shifting of the figures. Those little pieces of colored glass would form new combinations even while you were sure you were holding the kaleidoscope steadily in your hand. When I think I've got the politics of my district steady in my head I find that I'm behind the times."

"Eternal vigilance is the price of knowledge—that is, knowledge of the political situation," replied the spinster. "Neglect your daily papers for a week or so and you'll find that new names and new local issues have sprung up like mushrooms. Of course, the easiest way out of the darkness of such ignorance is to ask one's husband or brother or man friend to throw some light on the obscure points. Most men not only keep up their reading on political questions, but they seem to have, in addition, an intuitive understanding of politics, a sort of sixth sense, that we women lack."

"It's not only intuitive knowledge we women lack," interrupted her companion. "It is interest, a real live interest. When do you ever hear women talking about political affairs or discussing the merits of candidates?"

"Almost never," the spinster asserted emphatically. "But how to keep a Marcellus wave from getting straight or the advantages of a corset that laces in front are topics of burning interest, compared with the problem of how to get men who will conscientiously make our laws for us."

"You will say that I am speaking only of the frivolous-minded woman, but if you'll notice you will find that the practical Marcellus wave more excited over directions for making an evening cloak out of an old piano cover or a new combination of cold vegetables for a salad than over the moral character of the Legislature of the men their husbands are likely to vote for. And they are just the women who you'd think would take an interest in the passing of laws to regulate child labor or in pure food bills or in the better

protection of women who work in factories."

"Oh, but we do care about those things," began the friend protestingly. "Perhaps; but the trouble is that we care in such an impractical, abstract way. We don't realize that it is the men, each district sends who make the laws. If every wife and mother would feel as much genuine interest in the election of her State's officials as she feels in the petty social happenings of her circle her influence would be felt by the men of her household. There's a lot of truth in that hoary adage, 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.' Of course, you scientific mothers don't rock your babies nowadays, but the truth of the adage holds just the same."

"There can't be such a ruling of the world of politics by such women as the one whom I met at a dinner party not long ago. Cleveland would be mentioned and a sweet young thing who must have been playing with her dolls when he was in office asked ingeniously what his greatest 'stunt' was, anyway? Before any of the men could answer a woman said, 'Why, he was the President who gave us the two famous phrases, "inocuous desuetude" and "glittering generalities." This was in dead earnest, mind you. I'm sure she hadn't an idea about the electoral college or 51 or the Bering Sea arbitration episode."

"She must have been the spiritual twin of the woman I heard acknowledge that all she knew of Bryan was that he was fond of talking about states to one. Yet I happen to know that this woman spends hours reveling in the mysticism of Hauptmann and discussing the subtleties of Henry James. Her husband doesn't care a fig for these abstractions; he loves the game of politics; she could be vastly more entertaining to him and to his circle if she would use her wit and discernment in the study of the real drama of the subject of woman's rights, but the woman she has a strong personality. It's a waste of talent for her not to know or care about the politics of either her city or State."

"A waste of opportunity, too, I should say," remarked the other woman. "She must have a better chance than most of us to hear the fascinating little bits of inside history—the personalities, the scandals, the humorous, and pathetic stories that make men seem like real men and not simply figure-head candidates. You ever notice how men admire the rare woman who is well-informed on political subjects? I don't mean a ranter on the subject of woman's rights, but the woman with tact and charm who makes pertinent observations on political issues and who intelligently enjoys a good story about a candidate, or, better still, who can tell a good story herself. The men really like that sort of talk. It's a deal better than the like esoteric discussions of trivial social gossip."

"I've heard this man was speaking of tell his wife many a good story about some one prominent in politics—say, Jones, for example. A day or so later, when he would remind her of the story about Jones, she would say, 'Why, I thought you said that was Smith—and what was the point of that story, anyway? Now wasn't that a criminal lack of attention?' "Justifiable homicide ought to be the verdict in such a case," the spinster said smilingly. "But until we women are interested in the subject we shall go on being stupid about it. If we would devote half the mental energy to the study of this drama of politics that we spend on bridge and clothes, we would find ourselves in much closer touch with life. I have always envied the English women, their intimate knowledge of political affairs. Party issues are not vague to them; they are keen about the game in all its stages of importance."

"Imagine the scene, when an Englishwoman would look upon the American woman whom I heard say this at a dinner table: 'Why do I say I am a Republican, when my husband is a Democrat? Because the Republican party believes in protection of the tariff. I do not want women and children need all the protection we can get. The maternal instinct is so strong in me that I simply couldn't be anything but a Republican.' No, her husband did not throw his plate at her, but she suddenly looked as if he might die of apoplexy any second. Such stupidity was certainly an awful warning to the other women at that dinner party, for that husband's embarrassment was pitiable."

Just Enough for Necessities.

"Is Muffler getting a pretty fair salary?"

"Oh, yes; enough to keep body and soul and automobile together."

The Really Strenuous Life for Women—They Carry Mortar for Builders and Black Boots

WOMEN seem to be fitting into all the occupations of modern life.

There are woman blacksmiths, woman pilots at sea, women who sharpen razors, who operate cattle and goat ranches, who invade the ranks of the professions as lawyers, physicians, and musicians.

They adopt the strenuous life of the laborer, if need be. Women in Munich carry the mortar hod; others, in London, are expert and successful boot-blacks.

Sometimes the resourceful ones of the fair sex resort to original methods of money-making. One in Philadelphia has established a school for bird songsters, in which she is developing feathered prima donnas along the lines of advanced songbird art.

"Where a woman will, she will." The sex has demonstrated a remarkable aptitude in meeting conditions imposed by the progress of the times.

Few persons would have thought of an academy for the higher education of songbirds; yet this idea occurred to a young woman of Philadelphia.

The father of Isabelle Trenchard was a large dealer in cage birds. He made a specialty of introducing European songbirds into the United States, but the results of his efforts left much to be desired in the way of profits.

Miss Trenchard conceived the idea that the demand for the birds would be largely increased if they could be taught to supplement their natural singing powers with popular tunes and operatic airs. So she began a course of instruction.

Her method is to sit before a cage with a whistle between her lips, on which she plays melodies that she desires her feathered pupils to learn.

She has been very successful in her work, and has taught the birds a large number of popular airs, rendition of which has enhanced their value in the market.

In foreign countries women do not disdain to perform many of the tasks of the common laborer that are assumed exclusively by men in America.

In certain cities of Europe—in Munich, for example—wo-



Carrying Mortar for Builders at Munich.

A Girl Who Makes a Living Blacking Boots.

men may be seen carrying the mortar for building operations. In most instances it is borne in a kind of cradle supported by two women carriers, but in this country their occupation would be classed as that of the hodcarrier.

Women, too, are often seen chopping and sawing wood in the street. Women wood peddlers, with big packs on their backs, are often seen in the thoroughfares of German cities.

In London the tourist soon becomes accustomed to the sight of women bootblacks. They have their stands everywhere, and when unable to support a stand, go about with the regulation kit on their backs.

Unable to secure appointment as a teacher in the district schools, Mrs. Philo D. Wilcox, of College View, Neb., turned to blacksmithing, which was her husband's trade. It was during his failing health that she learned to handle the tools of the forge. Three of her children help her in the shop.

Forty years of age, Mrs. Wilcox has a clear complexion and the hardened muscles of a healthy worker. She

does everything in the line of her trade but shoe horses, although she makes the shoes.

Two of her daughters are expert bicycle repairers. The oldest is a natural mechanic. She can take the most complicated pieces of machinery apart, tell what is wrong, make repairs, and put the parts together again.

Last summer this daughter spent the entire season with a threshing machine outfit, going with it from place to place. She cut bands, fired the engine, fed the separator and did part of the cooking for the men.

Of the 1,000,000 pounds of mohair grown in the United States each year, nearly one-half comes from New Mexico, and the most successful Angora goat raiser in New Mexico is a woman, Mrs. M. Armer, of Hillsboro.

Ten years ago Mrs. Armer was left a widow, almost penniless, with several small children. Among her possessions were a few common Mexican goats. To these she added several half-bred and one pure-blooded Angora.

Her goat industry thrived, and Mrs. Armer is now a rich woman. At the Kansas City live stock show, some

time ago, one of her Angoras took first prize in its class, and she sold it next day for \$4,000.

Equally independent is Miss Mary Clark, of Salien, Mich., who took charge of her eighty-acre farm upon the death of her father, several years ago.

Making a study of the chemistry of the soil, and deciding that there was money to be made by adopting a specialty, Miss Clark went into the raising of peppermint and the distilling of peppermint oil.

She has twenty acres given over to mint. Forty pounds of oil to the acre is considered a good yield; but Miss Clark often does better. The price last year was \$2.10 a pound, but growers expect a higher price this year because a heavy frost in May ruined the crop in many localities.